

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

I L L U S T R A T E D

*Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus*

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deserve the patronage of Notre Dame men.

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BALL TIME

# THE WEEK

"Save me a dance." The Seniors' password has been going the rounds for the last seven days. By this time the Ball is so immediately present that professional ethics is not violated by revealing the mystic formula. Committeemen, more or less efficient, have persuaded the population of Notre Dame that the Ball is the one true, genuine, and only event of its kind. Feverish preparations have been evident all through the week. Hotels are swamped with reservations, and tailor shops with work. Everything must be perfect. It probably is.

"Come on for a walk around the lake." Outside the Senior Class interest is centered in many things. May is the time for the annual discovery of the two lakes on the campus. The paths are already worn with a multitude of slow footsteps and the rustic bridge near Dujarie has returned to popularity. Violets and myrtle bloom around the Grotto, the library lawn is starred with dandelions; even the Judas-trees (or are they?) rush to the aid of the drooping magnolias and create the necessary purple patches in front of the Main Building.

"Did you go to the meeting?" There were several. The Knights of Columbus, who, like the poor, are always with us, met, entertained and instructed on Tuesday night. To the variety of their programs there is no end. The Villagers finally pulled off the much heralded Rockne Nite. From the point of view of every one of its participants it seems to have been a success. And unusual as it may seem, there was a Senior Class meeting too.

"Let's do something." A combination of Bernard Shaw, Miss Julia Arthur, and the Oliver theater attracted considerable patronage Wednesday afternoon and evening. Between the acts embryo actors, critics, dramatists, literateurs, and enthusiasts mingled

with plain play-fans to discuss and admire. In Washington Hall the same evening the Little Symphony, of which we have been hearing so much, played one thing and another with encores and repetitions. And the Palace got its usual Monday and Thursday crowd.

"What's new?" The halls west of Howard are worth a trip of inspection. Points to be noted are the chapel in Morrissey, the top floor rooms, the subway rooms, the variety of windows, and the undeniable beauty of the group when viewed from the center quadrangle. The annual singeing of the Main Building porch in preparation for several vats of white paint has accounted for more than one tardiness for class. The joy of watching the other fellow work never loses its charm. "The Doctor's Wooing" has not yet made itself heard on the campus despite the tremendous advance orders. The sketching classes are the envy of the rest of the University. Instead of earning credit indoors in an atmosphere of droning voices, hard benches, and dull notebooks, these privileged few lie on the grass in the sunshine and draw lines to represent the Memorial Door. And the kind merchant on the corner of LaSalle and Michigan who sets his stock of furniture in front of his door has been forced to protect himself against students who sit and wait for the street-car. There is a strong cord now across those inviting chairs, and a notice: "Boys, please do not sit here." So one stands on the curb, and waits.

"Thursday's a holiday." Drove of golfers set out early for the courses. The Glee Club sang at the Students' Mass, and Ball guests began to arrive. Scholastic worries retreated to the dim background, the Library slept in unruffled calm; peace of one sort or another settled on the microscopic world of Notre Dame, Indiana.—J. A. W.

## THE SENIOR BALL OF '26

With the outstanding social event of the year, the Senior Ball, at hand, everything is in readiness to make it the distinctive affair of this year and of recent years at Notre Dame. From New York, from Texas, from California, and from intermediary points guests have come to make merry with the men of '26 in the Palais Royale to-night.

From Lincoln, Nebraska, Miss Dorothy O'Shea comes as the guest of Francis J. Bon, president of the class. Miss Lou Ella Storms, Elkhart, will attend with Malcolm F. Knaus, vice-president, and Roger W. Nolan, treasurer, will escort Miss Jean Van Etten, of Chicago. Miss Margaret Maloney, Chicago, will attend at the invitation of James A. Ronan, general chairman of the Ball Committees. Miss Jane Francis, South Bend, will be the guest of Urban A. Simon, chairman of the Decorations Committee, and John O. Tuohy, chairman of the Tickets Committee, will be accompanied by his sister, Miss Margaret Tuohy, Oak Park, Ill.

At the side of Arthur J. Bidwill during the Grand March will be Miss Mildred Dowdall, Chicago. Bidwill is chairman of the Music Committee. Miss Katharine Terry, Kewanee, Illinois, will be escorted by William R. Dooley, chairman of the Publicity Committee. Michael E. Murray, chairman of the Favors and Programs Committee, will glide in the farewell waltz with Miss Evangeline Glasscott, Michigan City, and Miss Katherine Ludwig, Elkhart, will accompany Paul E. Miller, chairman of the Reception Committee.

Not least among the preparations for this event is the dedication of "Twilight Love Song," by Vic Labeledz and Norb Engels, Seniors, to the Ball of '26. Already these men have forced recognition from the powers that be in popular music circles, and in the dedication of the "Twilight Love Song" they make their last bow as undergraduates to the fellow members of their class. The song will be featured by Jean Goldkette's Victor Recording Orchestra and Harry Denny's Notre Dame Collegians, who will play for the Ball.

Although definite information concerning the decorations prepared for the Ball, is withheld, the committee promises that they will be gorgeous, and claims that they will surpass those of any former Ball here.

The officers of the class are Francis J. Bon, president; Malcolm F. Knaus, vice-president; Edward V. Crowe, secretary, and Roger W. Nolan, treasurer.

The following are to be the patrons and patronesses for the Ball: Dr. and Mrs. John M. Cooney, Dean and Mrs. Thomas F. Konop, Professor and Mrs. David A. Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Knute K. Rockne, Professor Charles Phillips and Professor Clarence Manion.

The program for Senior Week follows: This afternoon a reception dance is being held in the Palais Royale, lasting from 3:30 until 5:30. The Palais Royale orchestra is playing. Harry Denny's Collegians will open this evening at 9:30, giving place at ten o'clock to Jean Goldkette's Victor Recording Orchestra. At twelve o'clock the dancing will be interrupted for an hour, during which lunch will be served on the mezzanine floor. From one o'clock until three, Goldkette will again hold sway.

Tomorrow morning a golf match between Indiana and Notre Dame over the Chain o' Lakes course will provide entertainment, and tomorrow afternoon the Seniors and their guests will have their choice between the Iowa-Notre Dame baseball game and a tennis match with Carnegie Tech. Seats will be reserved for those who elect the former. The final official function of Senior Week, a tea dance to be held in the Oliver Hotel from five until seven, will take place tomorrow evening.

## JUGGLER HEADS ELECTED

Lester Grady, present editor-in-chief of the Notre Dame *Juggler*, and Don Wilkins, present business manager, were unanimously re-elected to continue in their offices for the ensuing year at the elections held last week. John E. Harwood, Junior in Architecture, was elected to the position of art editor.

## SENIOR BALL COMMITTEES

James A. Ronan, general chairman.

Arrangements—John Q. Adams, chairman; William R. Barr, Bernard J. Coughlin, Frederick F. Herbst, William F. Rear-don, Robert Q. Murphy, John J. Wallace.

Decorations—Urban A. Simon, chairman; Oswald G. Geniesse, A. Coyne Hatten, Roger W. Nolan, Antonio P. Roxas, James F. Whelan, Bernard K. Wingerter.

Favors and Programs—Michael E. Murray, chairman; Paul S. Benante, Robert F. Carey, J. Paul Johnson, Raymond J. Keiser, Edward F. Lynch, Thomas E. Leahy.

Music—Arthur J. Bidwill, chairman; Norbert A. Engels, Joseph J. Hemphling, Joseph C. Hyland, James H. Newman, James K. Stack, Joseph B. Toomey.

Reception—Paul E. Miller, chairman; Joseph E. Broussard, James J. Glynn, John M. McMullan, Joseph B. Shea, John T. Shouse, David P. Stanton.

Publicity—William R. Dooley, chairman; Bert V. Dunne, Keithen L. Roche, John J. Ryan.

Tickets—John O'Hern Touhy, chairman; Edward A. Fallon, J. Arthur Haley, Gerald J. McGinley, Charles A. Mooney, Carlton A. Rogge, Gerald L. Timmins.

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 DOME OUT ABOUT MAY 20

The *Dome* of 1926, Notre Dame's year book, will be issued on the campus about May 20, according to Editor-in-Chief W. W. Smith, and will represent "the most modern *Dome* ever published at Notre Dame," in the opinion of O. S. Barrett, year book expert for the Pontiac Engraving Company, of Chicago, who visited the University recently.

To facilitate the work of distribution, lists containing the names of those who have paid for their copy or copies, have been compiled and posted in the Main Building, at the Cafeteria and at the Car Station. All men who have subscribed but not paid for their *Dome* are asked to report at the Students' Office as soon as possible. Those who still desire to procure a copy may consult any of the *Dome* men listed on the *Dome* bulletin.

For all Seniors purchasing two or more copies, the *Dome* staff, with the cooperation of the Russell Studio, of Chicago, is enabled to insert in one, a photograph of the graduate in cap and gown, in the flyleaf of the book. Such a year-book, as proved at other colleges, makes an ideal gift. Seniors desiring to take advantage of this offer must apply before Wednesday to the Students' Office. Cash payment for Seniors is unnecessary.

The *Dome* of 1926 will be Volume 20. Its theme, as worked out by Editor-in-Chief Smith and his associates, is modern in every detail, and of general appeal. A sixteen-page "Pontiachrome" scenic section, adjudged by Ray Hughes, annual expert of Chicago, as the outstanding picture section of the Middle West, is the feature of the book. Special effort has been made to give the Senior section the prominence it deserves. The Junior section, which differs greatly from that of previous years, will undoubtedly surprise many.

Athletics have received a thorough treatment in the book, the sport section of which is a feature of the 1926 book. Campus organizations occupy a prominent place in the club section. In addition, a variety of art work distinguishes the satire section from that found in most college annuals. All of these sections, done in colors and by the latest methods known to year-book experts, have given the *Dome* of 1926 the distinction of being the most costly as well as the most modern annual ever published at Notre Dame.

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 MISS ANGLIN VISITS CAMPUS

Miss Margaret Anglin, the famous stage star, was a guest upon the campus on Wednesday, May 5, the day she presented Somerset Maugham's play, "Caroline" in South Bend. She was particularly interested in Gymnasium as a possible background for the production of one of her masterly presentations of Greek drama. Miss Anglin made one of her last appearances on Broadway in a play written by Professor Charles Phillips, of the English Department of Notre Dame.

### Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What do you consider a well spent summer vacation?*

WHERE ASKED: *Corby Hall.*

WILLIAM REID, '26.

In mapping out a program for a summer vacation four phases should be considered and adopted: a continuation of the spiritual life followed while at school; plenty of physical exercise; a book a week so as not to let the mind become dormant; and, in a financial way, some kind of employment to help defray the expenses of attending college.

JAMES GRAY, '28.

I think that a profitable summer for me would be spent not only by increasing in age and wisdom but also by fattening my finances to insure my return to Notre Dame. I always try to find work that is both pleasing and lucrative.

G. H. DOLMAGE, '26.

A well spent vacation is hard to define. Perhaps it may be said that one has spent a vacation well when he has no regrets that he used it as he did. To be a success a vacation should not go to extremes; it should involve neither too much work nor too much play. One should "use all gently."

CYPRIAN SPORL, '27.

I like to sail around the Gulf of Mexico to recuperate from one hard year of study and prepare for another.

RAY DAHMAN, '27.

I like to spend the summer working around a playground helping boys to become men.

EDWARD MANDEVILLE, '26.

If an ocean trip is out of the question my idea of a well spent vacation is to equip a Ford with some of the necessities of life and 'hit' for places yet unseen. A little trip to the northern woods or an inspection of the national parks would suit me almost equally well.

EDWIN WHITE, '27. Just sittin' down.

### BARRY CONTEST ON JUNE 2

The Barry Elocution Contest will be held this year on Tuesday, June 2. All contestants are urged to register as soon as possible with Professor Kelly, Head of the Public Speaking Department, whose office is in the basement of Walsh Hall.

The class oratorical contests will be held during the last week in May. That for the Freshmen will take place on Monday, May 24, for the Sophomores on Wednesday, May 26, and for the Juniors on Thursday, May 27. Entries must be handed in to Professor Kelly immediately. The winner of each class oratorical contest is awarded a prize of ten dollars in gold.

Professor Kelly's Dramatic Production Class is to have partial charge of the production of the lyric drama "Lord Byron" and is also to produce Professor Charles Phillips' play, "The Fool of God." Both of these pieces will be staged in Washington Hall late in May. "The Fool of God" deals with the life of St. Francis. It has been produced twice before, once with unusual success. Professor Phillips has rewritten it for the Notre Dame players. A permanent cast has not yet been chosen, but two or three temporary casts have been working under the direction of Professor Kelly and Mr. Doyle.

### NOMINATIONS HELD

The nominations of the class of '27 for representatives to the S. A. C. were held in the north and south rooms of the Library on May 4, 5 and 6. Three of the choices were made unanimously and eliminated the necessity of voting upon the nominees in the final elections being held to-day.

The College of Commerce nominated Edward Ryan, the College of Science nominated Albert Foley, and the Day Students chose John Carey.

The College of Engineering nominated Al. Miller and T. F. Dohogne. The College of Law chose Bernie Abrott and Albert Doyle. The College of Arts and Letters nominated Rupert Wentworth and Al. Diebold.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Glee Club sang the High Mass on Ascension Thursday in Sacred Heart Church. Pietro Yon's "Missa Solemnis" was given in preparation for Commencement, when the Club will again sing the Mass. Dr. J. Lewis Browne, of Chicago, was the organist, and Mr. Casasanta, the conductor. The soloists were John Butler, tenor, and Alfred Meyers, baritone.

The Notre Dame Orchestra will leave Friday morning, May 21, on a two-day trip through Southern Indiana. A concert will be given in Indianapolis Friday night. Saturday afternoon, the organization will play for the annual May Festival given by the students of St. Mary's-of-the-Woods. A final concert will be given in Terre Haute Saturday night, and the orchestra will return to South Bend sometime Sunday morning. Mr. Casasanta will accompany the orchestra as conductor, and the Varsity Quartet will appear as a feature number.

A concert was given in Washington Hall on Thursday evening, May 13, in which the Victor Orthophonic was featured. Mr. Mark Duncan, class of '15, and an official of the Chicago branch of the Victor Company, came from Chicago to conduct the program. Songs by Marion Talley, the 19-year-old Metropolitan Opera star; Tito Schipa, of the Chicago Opera Company; Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra; the Revelers; the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; the Notre Dame Band and others were featured during the course of the evening. The achievement of the Victor Company in producing such a wonderful machine is something to be marvelled at. When a talking machine perfects its productions to such a point that Notre Dame audiences will applaud at the conclusion of each number, there is something of which to be proud. The program was one of the most novel and wholly interesting that have been given on the campus this year. The affair was arranged through the courtesy of Elbel Brothers of South Bend.

The George Barrere Little Symphony appeared in concert in Washington Hall Wednesday night, May 12, at 8 p. m. A review of the concert will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

The Glee Club will appear in their annual South Bend concert on Friday night, May 28. This year the recital will take the form of a benefit, under the auspices of a South Bend organization. Dr. Browne will come from Chicago to direct the program.

The annual commencement concert of the Glee Club will be given in Washington Hall on Saturday night, June 12. This will be the final concert for the Seniors of the club, among whom are: John Lenihan, Seward Bower, Arthur Haley, Victor Lemmer, William Dooley, Jay Masenich, John Griffin, Vincent Soisson, Claude Pitsenberger, Alfred Meyers and John Q. Adams.—A. L. M.

## TALKS OF PARISH THEATER

"The real community theater of America is the parish theater," said Rev. Vincent Mooney, C. S. C., director of off-campus students, in an address given before the Play Production Class of the University recently. Father Mooney went on to stress the need of aid for the parish productions which college men can give.

"The average college man," said Father Mooney, "does not interest himself in dramatic production in his home parish. This is lamentable. The parish theater affords a dramatic outlet for the pent-up energy of the people; more than this, it affords the college man an opportunity for practice in organization and leadership which is invaluable. This opportunity the college man should take full advantage of; it is the future of the college man to be a leader, and the parish theater, along with campus activities, gives him the opportunity of developing his powers of leadership."

Professor Charles Phillips will address the class in the near future.



## Senior Ball Guests

- Dorothy O'Shea, Lincoln, Neb.  
 Lou Ella Storms, Elkhart.  
 Jean Van Etten, Chicago.  
 Margaret Maloney, Chicago.  
 Jane Francis, South Bend.  
 Margaret Tuohy, Oak Park, Ill.  
 Mildred Dowdall, Chicago.  
 Katharine Terry, Kewanee, Ill.  
 Evangeline Glasscott, Mich. City.  
 Katherine Ludwig, Elkhart.  
 Magdalen Abel, Anderson, Indiana.  
 Eldreda Wiedeman, Toledo.  
 Mrs. Joseph Bach, South Bend.  
 Mary Watson, Mishawaka.  
 Frances Kroll, South Bend.  
 Rose O'Leary, Chicago.  
 Frances Bullen, Chicago.  
 Mary Bernice Cain, Indianapolis.  
 Frances Murphy, Joliet, Illinois.  
 Lucille Gallagher, Cleveland.  
 Helen Powers, Cleveland.  
 Catherine Miller, South Bend.  
 Cecilia Judge, Chicago.  
 Leila Linnig, Peru, Illinois.  
 Louise Sharp, South Bend.  
 Marjorie Fox, Logan, Ohio.  
 Germaine Mischker, South Bend.  
 Katherine Ray, Chicago.  
 Louise Allillon, Toledo.  
 Florence Donahue, Omaha, Neb.  
 Mary South, South Bend.  
 Etta Zimman, South Bend.  
 Dorothy McCulloch, South Bend.  
 Alyce Kane, LaGrange, Illinois.  
 Dorothy McKenna, New York City.  
 Ruth Kavanaugh, Fairbury, Neb.  
 Virginia Tonnelier, Bt. Harbor.  
 Margaret Parker, Hastings, Mich.  
 Lillian Wolf, South Bend.  
 Ida Wicke, Rockford, Illinois.  
 Catherine Gibson, Cleveland Hts.  
 Lucille Hogan, South Bend.  
 Esther Archambeault, South Bend.  
 Lucille Buechele, Chicago.  
 Anne Wolfe, Chicago.  
 Lucile Marie Boyd-Snee, So. Bend.  
 Margaret Hinkle, South Bend.  
 Marcella Thalke, South Bend.  
 Marcy Dirnberger, Indianapolis.  
 Edna E. Hall, Elkhart.  
 Dorothy Loshbaugh, South Bend.  
 Mildred Wolf, South Bend.  
 Frances Graham, Chicago.  
 Lucille Stevens, Knox, Indiana.  
 Beatrice Boyce, Escanaba, Mich.  
 Kathryn Downey, Chicago.  
 Martena Shea, Indianapolis.  
 Jewell Breen, Chicago.
- Lora Kennedy, New Hampton, Ia.  
 Kathleen Gorman, Chicago.  
 Anne Carroll, Indianapolis.  
 Catherine Nolan, Los Angeles.  
 Dorothy Meyers, La Grande, Ore.  
 Vilna Primeau, Cleveland.  
 Kathryn Walsh, Chicago.  
 Agnes Dunne, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
 Elizabeth Smoger, South Bend.  
 Margaret Buettner, Chicago.  
 Marian McDonough, Toledo.  
 Dorothy Cunningham, Cassopolis.  
 Freda Griekemer, Dubois, Penn.  
 Alice Slattery, Chicago.  
 Frances Quirk, Indianapolis.  
 Mildred Wing, Buffalo, New York.  
 Grace Beck, Chicago.  
 Mary Rolwing, Thebes, Illinois.  
 Mary Roberts, South Bend.  
 Ona Fisher, Sandusky, Ohio.  
 Virginia Foley, Salt Lake City.  
 Helen Donnelly, Cleveland.  
 Marie Archambeault, South Bend.  
 Arnella Polem, Hammond, Ind.  
 Mildred Hager, Toledo.  
 Alberta Schellinger, Mishawaka.  
 Gladice A. Burge, Akron, Ohio.  
 Etta Cain, Streator, Illinois.  
 Beatrice Kilbourn, Milwaukee.  
 Dorothy Gerlach, Rockford, Ill.  
 Mae Lynch, Terre Haute, Indiana.  
 Margaret Steinruck, South Bend.  
 Mary Beth McKenny, Dayton, O.  
 Evelyn Wolff, Canton, Ohio.  
 Rose McDonald, Chicago.  
 Josephine Doran, South Bend.  
 Helen Cartier, Chicago.  
 Florence Botto, Fostoria, Ohio.  
 Delene Pilon, Far Rockaway, N. Y.  
 Clarice Von Barandy, South Bend.  
 Mildred Martin, Green Bay, Wis.  
 Ruth Jordan, Mishawaka.  
 Elaine Hogan, Minneapolis.  
 Thekla Detzler, South Bend.  
 Molly Malone, Grand Rapids.  
 Lillian Eble, South Bend.  
 Elizabeth Helfrich, York, Penn.  
 Ruth Flood, Portland, Oregon.  
 Angela Morris, Chicago.  
 Agnes Morgan, El Paso, Texas.  
 Josephine Hoerstman, Mishawaka.  
 Helen R. Heideman, South Bend.  
 Rosemary Clune, Indianapolis.  
 Josephine Gildea, Elkhart.  
 Patricia Ragan, Omaha, Neb.  
 Irene Kerwin, Tulsa, Oklahoma.  
 Mildred Greene, Cleveland.  
 Eleanor Perry, Hillsdale, Mich.
- Elizabeth Adler, Joliet, Illinois.  
 Marjorie Gallagher, Shawno, Wis.  
 Rosemary Stange, Merrill, Wis.  
 Catherine McDermott, G. Rapids.  
 Genevieve Betzner, Hollywood.  
 Dorothy Mohan, Pontiac, Illinois.  
 Helen Carroll, Indianapolis.  
 Katherine Healy, Fort Dodge, Ia.  
 Kathleen Grams, La Crosse, Wis.  
 Mary Louise Hunnell, Chicago.  
 Hildegard Stoeckley, South Bend.  
 Catherine McKellar, S. Lake City.  
 Leonore La Follette, Leon, Iowa.  
 Suzanne Mayo, Indianapolis.  
 Alice Doyle, Fond du Lac, Wis.  
 Nora Farley, Niles, Mich.  
 Dorothy Rupp, Chicago.  
 Catherine Quirk, Indianapolis.  
 Celesta Caskey, Alton, Illinois.  
 Mary Helen Hagerty, South Bend.  
 Lucille Swank, South Bend.  
 Marie Curtin, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Verlie Clark, South Bend.  
 Helen Ley, Chicago.  
 Catherine Cribbs, Paw Paw, Mich.  
 Florence L. Mitchell, Cleveland.  
 Mary Nash, Chicago.  
 Genevieve E. Mortensen, Detroit.  
 Mary McCartney, South Bend.  
 Josephine C. Ireton, Van Wert, O.  
 Betty Lyon, Waukegan, Ill.  
 Mabel Hanke, Wheeling, W. Va.  
 Frances Gillen, South Bend.  
 Ruth Miller, South Bend.  
 Margaret Flynn, Chicago.  
 Mary Flynn, Chicago.  
 Ruth Krafthefer, Wilmette, Ill.  
 Ruth Krafthefer, Milmette, Ill.  
 Mary Welch, Indianapolis.  
 Dorothy Carlstedt, Chicago.  
 Anne Siefert, South Bend.  
 Helen Philips, South Bend.  
 Kathryn Keefe, Oshkosh, Wis.  
 Olive Lindquist, South Bend.  
 Margaret Markey, Detroit.  
 Lucile Mead, South Bend.  
 Ann Murphy, St. Louis.  
 Maurine Martin, South Bend.  
 Natalie Smith, South Bend.  
 Margaret McBarron, Cleveland.  
 Kathryn M'Cann, St. James, Mich.  
 Gertrude Boyle, New York City.  
 Marie Lamierand, South Bend.  
 Margaret Wellington, South Bend.  
 Denise Frankel, South Bend.  
 Catherine Kuboski, South Bend.  
 Cornelia Leary, Cincinnati.  
 Beatrice George, Kalamazoo.



## NAMES INSURANCE COMMITTEE

A Senior Class committee, composed of Thomas E. Leahy as chairman, Dennis J. O'Neill, Raymond W. Durst, Joseph B. Shanley and Frank J. Walsh, was appointed by President Francis J. Bon this week to handle the matter of class insurance. These men will work with Professor James E. McCarthy, Dean of the College of Commerce and representative of the administration, in investigating the various types of such insurance. In a short time they will make their recommendations to the class for final consideration.

## VISIT RECALLS S. A. RELATIONS

The visit of the Latin-American editors to the University last week was especially interesting in view of the relations that Notre Dame has had with Spanish America on other occasions. In 1889, the delegates of the first Pan-American Congress, which was organized by James G. Blaine, were visitors here. It was this Congress which led to the formation of the Pan-American Union between the republics of North and South America.

The first special train over the international railroad between Mexico and the United States came direct from Mexico City to Notre Dame, carrying students to the University. On various other occasions, statesmen and ecclesiastics from South America and Mexico have been visitors here.

Another interesting connection between Notre Dame and South America was brought about through the works of the late Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C., at one time vice-president of the University, and later provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross. Father Zahm's four volumes of South American travel are among the best works in English on the subject. *Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena*, *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon*, *Through South America's Southland*, and *The Quest of El Dorado* are the titles. Theodore Roosevelt, whose South American explorations are famous, says, in the introduction to the second of these volumes, that it was Father Zahm who first aroused his interest

in South American travel and exploration. Father Zahm's South American collection of 2,000 volumes, many of which are quite rare, is now in the University Library.

Notre Dame was the first North American university to establish an exchange of students with the Universities of South America. Exchanges were made between the College of Commerce and the Universities of Buenos Aires and Santiago, Chile. At present, the state of the financial exchange has interfered with the arrangement, but it has not been abandoned.

## MILLS COMING HERE

University officials announced last Tuesday that Tommy Mills, formerly of Beloit College, known as one of the best small college coaches in the Middle West, had signed a contract to come to Notre Dame as assistant coach in football, basketball and baseball. Mills will also have charge of boxing and wrestling and may be supervisor of interhall athletics. It is also said that Mills will take an active part in, and possibly direct, dramatics on the campus.

Notre Dame men will recall the splendid showing made by the Beloit team on Cartier Field last fall. Mills is a graduate of Beloit and coached two years at Rockford High. He next served a year as coach at Central High, of Omaha. Following this he was coach, from 1916-1921, at Creighton University. During his stay there he produced great basketball and baseball teams. In 1921 he returned to Beloit as head coach and has turned out excellent teams at that institution. Mills made a considerable name for himself both in Omaha and at Beloit as a dramatic director.

## GLEE CLUB RECORD ACCEPTED

Word was received at the University Wednesday to the effect that the record, made recently in New York City by the Glee Club, had been accepted by the Victor Company. It is expected that this second Notre Dame record will be on sale about July 1. The numbers recorded are "Ave Maria" by Vittoria, and "Laudate Patrem" by Gounod.

## Campus Comment

The SCHOLASTIC invites communications for this department. It will not be responsible for any views contained in these communications, however, nor will it consider for publication any letter not signed, in evidence of good faith, with the writer's name and address. Anonymity in print will be preserved if the writer desires.

o o o

Editor, SCHOLASTIC:

I wonder if you can spare a little space, that I may relate a curious incident that occurred on the University tennis courts Sunday morning?

A faculty member in the College of Engineering, a fellow engineering student, and myself had patiently waited our turn from 9:00 a. m. until 11:00, "pinging" the while on the ploughed fields which, though called "courts," are without nets or markings, and are in such contrast to the two good courts. By 11:00 o'clock we had reached court number four. We were promised one of the good courts, number two, as soon as the occupants should have finished their set. This came to pass just after noon.

As we took possession, we were ordered off by one of the varsity tennis team, vested in the authority of, and resplendent in the glory of his minor award. Although they had but just arrived, and many had been long waiting for a chance to play, they took possession at once. The varsity man, whose game, it seems, is so fine as to necessitate the use of only the best of courts, another who is trying out for the team this year, and two of their freshman friends (or so I am informed) calmly told us that the varsity team has the right to usurp the best court at any time, and from anyone.

Myself and my engineering friends find little time to play tennis. Sunday was my first opportunity this year, and will probably be my last. Our highly successful football and basketball teams have not found it necessary to work out on Sunday, but perhaps it is just possible that they don't need the practice as much as some members of the tennis team. Several more courts would be needed, I am afraid, if every varsity tennis man took several of his friends and guaranteed them a court at any time.

Because I know Captain Donovan and knew Centlivre and other of our tennis men who were and are real Notre Dame men, I would have been first to vote favorably on awarding to the tennis team the major monogram, the special mark of Our Lady, the device of a gentleman. These men have done so much for this game here that it seems too bad to allow such an undermining of their work, such a lowering of the standards of the exponents of tennis, to pass unchallenged.

Not, then, in a spirit of enmity, but as a contribution to the controversy concerning the change that we hear so much of as having come over Notre Dame and her men, do I offer this list of evidence.

Sincerely yours,

PAUL HARRINGTON.

### PLAN MISSION CRUSADE

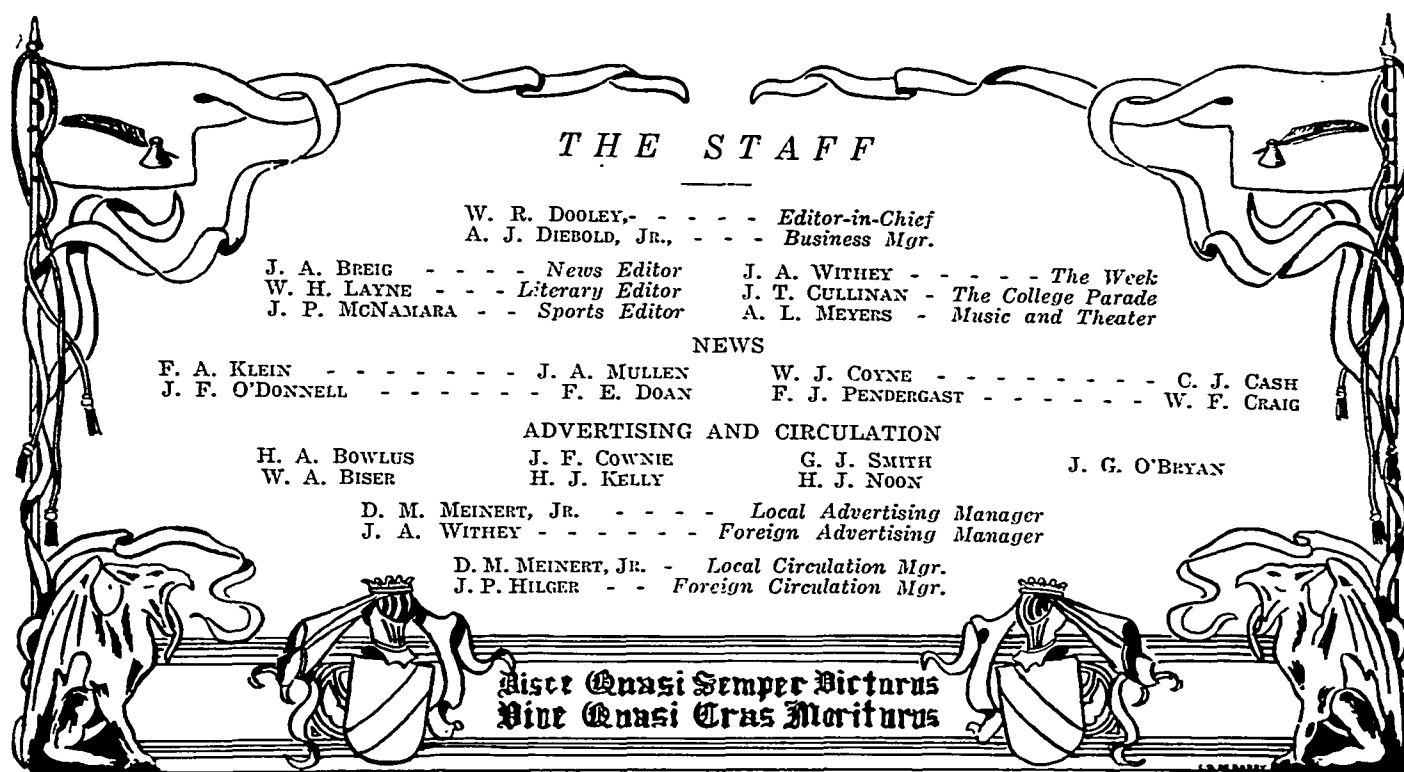
The Fifth National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, at the University of Dayton, June 25-28, will be conducted after the manner of a school of leadership, according to plans being made at the Crusade Castle, Cincinnati, national headquarters of the C. S. M. C.

Foremost among the educational features of the convention will be a number of round tables for mission study, each of which will be presided over by a nationally known mission expert.

Other novel features will be an evening of mission drama and the exemplification of the Crusade's Ritual of Initiation in the University of Dayton Stadium.

Attendance of a large number of Catholic educators and diocesan mission supervisors is expected at this convention in order to outline a new program of mission education for the Catholic student body of this country.

Slight damage was caused to the porch of the Main Building last Friday when a small fire ate its way between the rafters and gained some headway before it was discovered. A South Bend fire department responded to the call for aid and with the help of willing students extinguished the fire swiftly.



### THE SENIOR BALL

Tonight the Seniors participate in the most pretentious social event of their college career—the Ball. This colorful affair has been eagerly awaited. It comes but once in four years of college activity, and that is equivalent to saying that it comes but once in a lifetime. For, no matter how numerous the dances in after years, none will hold the charm of this brilliant, glorious, supreme Senior Ball. We hasten to congratulate the Seniors, to welcome their guests to Notre Dame and to wish all of them the happiest of week-ends.

### ADVERTISING SINCLAIR LEWIS

Sinclair Lewis, having finished with God, to the Deity's disadvantage, now proceeds to cross swords with the Pulitzer Prize Board. Mr. Lewis, while yet enjoying the pleasant flavor of front-page publicity, grandly refuses a mere thousand dollar prize for his novel, *Arrowsmith*. He gives appropriate reasons for his refusal of this honor.

But, however appropriate these reasons may be, the disinterested observer of things literary cannot help wondering if Mr. Lewis is not as much a prize business man as he is a prize novelist. Publicity of any sort is the "body, blood and bones" of financial success in literature. But publicity costs money. Most authors cannot afford it, while

most publishers must buy it with judicious care. Hence anything which places their names before the public is not to be lightly scorned.

Mr. Lewis is not ignorant of this. He defies God, and lands on the front page. We laugh at his idiocy, but—we remember Mr. Lewis. He refuses a thousand dollars with a *de Bergerac* gesture, and his name is chronicled all over the land. We wonder, and we again remember him.

And, remembering him, we admire his business acumen. To us, it seems that a thousand dollars, cold cash, paid out for fifty times that amount of advertising is a very fair exchange, despite the dash of idealism which accompanies it.

### FURTHER PROGRESS

The announcement that a lyric drama, written by two Notre Dame students, is to be staged in Washington Hall this month is noteworthy. It, as well as the appearance of books written by local men, betokens a step in the right direction.

Persons outside the University are liable to think that we produce star athletes and nothing else. This view can be partially offset by giving wide publicity to the fact that Notre Dame men are producing books and music. We suggest that such be done.

## Black Horse

CHARLES M'CARTHY, '28

**E**DDIE KINGDON sat at a little corner table in the little Black Horse Cafe, and smiled a little.

You'd like the Black Horse. You'd like it like plenty. On your way there you would be compelled to pass along the toughest street in Hoboken; and while no statistics are available on the matter, it is generally conceded that the toughest street in Hoboken and the toughest street in the world are one and the same. If you are a man you would step warily and in all probability have some part of your anatomy injured before you reached your destination; if you are a woman you would jump with fright every now and then, and if nothing worse happened to you, you would at least learn a flock of new words. If you are a lady or a gentleman you would not be going there at all, because that is the kind of place the Black Horse is. But the best of us cannot hope to go through life without being, at one time or another, victims of circumstance. It may be just your luck to be forced to drop in there some time. If such is the case, this is what you will find: Three dirty and worn stone steps leading into the darkest of Hoboken's dark gin mills, a bar at the farther end behind which stands the most gorilla-like man in the world; with the possible exception of his brother who will be at a table in the far corner, taking some of the fall boys over in stud. You will see the toughest looking rabble that come under the category of human beings. If you strike it at the right time, say about one a. m., you will see Mrs. Murphy dragging her husband the length of the room and out, she having delivered her nightly message of hate to the bartender in words that would mean the death of any man.

I say you will note these things, but possibly I am a bit optimistic. You will be shaking in your shoes, of course. And the heavy smoke of cheap stogies will add nothing to your powers of perception.

It was here that Eddie Kingdon found

himself about six o'clock of a certain morning in June, the day being fine and the Black Horse being as dark as its name, and twice as horsy.

New Haven had gone wild over Eddie. They had liked his openfield running on the football field, and they had liked his open frank manner on the field and off. Professors had marvelled at the way with which he attacked the opposing line and his books with the same intensity and indomitable spirit. The oldest of them remembered that his dad had shown the same stuff up there years before. It was probably the Kingdon tradition which prompted Eddie to do his best in all fields of endeavor, that and—well, there was a woman in the case. Try and keep them out!

It certainly wasn't that Eddie was short of money, because his dad had faced the world with the same clear look in his eyes that had put the best football teams that Yale had faced in the late nineties on their guard; and the look had borne fruit to the extent of one of the largest shipping industries between the United States and points North, South, East, and West, and what else is there?

The family prosperity had in no wise affected Eddie however. There was not a pretentious hair in his head. And New Haven had gone wild over him. Men liked him because he was a square shooter. Women loved him because he was this and a million other things.

They liked him because he was courteous, intelligent, because he was just as much at home on the dance floor as he was on the football field, and there he was very much at home indeed! But most of all, they liked him for himself, and when his name came up, as boys' names will when girls get together, there was no Calamity Jane to say a word against him. Probably this is the highest tribute Eddie ever received. Surely the most general.

His eyes would compel a glance from you—and glancing, you would notice that they

were the clearest eyes you ever saw. You would not be able to decide immediately the color of them, but you would wish that your boy friend had them. You would wish, too, that your boy friend had Eddie's superb build and his brown, curly hair. And if he smiled (and it is hard for Eddie not to smile)—if he smiled, your heart would sing; for you would have seen the essence of honesty, wistfulness, and frankness all blended into one man's countenance.

Eddie had acquitted himself very creditably at Yale. A week before this story opens he had received his barrister's degree with honors, had said good-bye to everybody and their aunts at New Haven, and had arrived home to his adoring family in Montclair, N. J.

Nevertheless, on a certain morning of June, about six o'clock, to be exact, the day being fine, Eddie Kingdon sat at a little table in the little Black Horse Cafe, and smiled a little. . . .

It is hard to imagine Jean without having seen her. Ordinary description in this case is impossible, because there was never anyone quite like her. Consequently the words needed to give an impression of her have never been written—I would, however, suggest the following plan:

Take sixty-two inches of the finest girl in the world and form her in the same mold from which Eve and the fairest of her sisters the world over have been turned out. Next melt two sapphires, for her eyes, placing a star in each. The petals from a geranium will do for her mouth. Top this off with golden threads, thick and shiny, and falling just below her ears in a maze of curls. Now your girl is beginning to take form. Put her in the presence of good fairies for one thousand years so that she will assimilate their enthusiasm, kindness, and joy of being. The result of your efforts, while not having the perfection of Jean McAllister, will give you, with a fair degree of accuracy, an idea of what manner of being she is.

Men do not like to meet Jean; for meeting, they desire; and desiring they despair. They find that Jean is not attainable. Eddie

is the one exception. Now Eddie had more or less of a handicap over all the other men in the world. He had never met Jean in the true sense of the word, unless you can say that two persons meet each other when their respective mothers are wheeling them side by side through the park for an airing. Nor had he ever desired her; for how can one desire something that is his just as much as is his body and soul? Eddie had never experienced jealousy, which whets the edge of desire until it is as sharp as a razor. Not that he felt sure of Jean; just that he could not imagine a world in which they would be separated. They had started off together by making mud pies in common. On Eddie's last vacation home from school at Christmas time they had organized their effects one afternoon, and the result was a large and luscious apple pie. You will say that they are still children. But you must admit that their taste has improved; that is, if you prefer the taste of apple to that of mud. Still, if either of them had at their present age, and they are twenty-two, desired to make a mud pie rather than one of apple, the other would have immediately acquiesced. Agreeable, to say the least, these two!

These were golden days for Jean. She had not been with Eddie since the Spring holiday, and the days from then until he came home again had each contained thousands of hours for her. All sorts of wild thoughts as to his welfare had come to her. She began to doubt the veracity of the statement that absence makes the heart grow fonder. True, his letters had been as regular as day and night, a nice long epistle every day of the week, with a special on Sunday.

But now the world was right once more. Eddie had been home a week now, had been with her every day and night. She saw that her fears had been groundless, and was regretting her lack of faith.

Nor were the days dark for Eddie. He had had a mighty nice four years at school. In spite of the fact that he had worked hard, the days had been pleasant enough. It is pretty hard for anyone not to enjoy himself

when everyone likes him. It was nice to feel that he had met the test and it had not found him wanting. His best memories, of course, would be, those four years. When Eddie analyzed his accomplishments he found that she had been subconsciously in his mind at all times—that everything he did was for her and because of her. Now he was through. He would not have to leave her anymore. He would have a short period of rest after which he would go in business with his father. In the fall Eddie and Jean would be married.

Golden days that seemed like hours. Brief hours that seemed like minutes—days that were crowded with the best gifts of the gods—days of walks and talks—of kisses, caresses, and tendernesses—days when youth called to youth and was answered—eager, wistful days—days that were gone ere they had started.

Thus passed the first week after graduation for Eddie and Jean.

Eddie was dressing for a dance at the club to which he and Jean were going.

"You are mighty lucky, old fellow—mighty lucky. Is there anything you haven't got? You have the best girl in the world, haven't you? You have every opportunity to make her happy, haven't you? You'll have to get down to work now, though. Can't fool the rest of your life away, you know. Have to do things. Can't have her thinking that you're just a play-boy who can't do anything but make love and a lot of promises. Have to go to work so you can keep those promises. You've had a mighty pleasant week since you landed home. Better settle down and tell your dad that you're ready to step in and give him a hand."

Thus spoke Eddie to the thoughtful eyes which looked back at him from the mirror as he straightened his tie. Humming a little tune, he grabbed his coat from the chair and made a beeline for the stairs. He picked up the 'phone and called Jean's number.

"Jean went out about an hour ago, Mister Eddie," he's the butler. "She left a message here for you. She said to have you stop for her at Miss Reed's home. That's

her dressmaker. The address is 298 Elm Street."

"Thanks loads, Jeeves," answered Eddie. He raced out of the house and into his car.

As he drove out through the suburbs the enchantment of the night made itself felt within him. It was the sort of night when anything might happen. The moon was a large roly-poly man with a beaming countenance, who showered his great wealth upon anyone who chose to receive it. The stars were bits of gold sewn upon a fair lady's azure gown. The trees were whispering to one another that nothing was real—that there was no such thing as life because there was no death. What right had this man to come crashing into their land atop that great, noisy monster? Eddie half expected one of them to come out and crush him and the machine in its brawny arms, when he was brought back to reality by a sign which read *Elm Street*.

He found the house with a deal of difficulty, ran up the steps, and rang the bell. A large, gaunt woman answered his ring. There was something foreboding about her.

"This must be the wicked step-mother," thought Eddie. His better sense came to the rescue. "I've come for Jean," he said.

"Jean left about fifteen minutes ago," answered the woman. Her voice seemed to come from miles away, and Eddie waited impatiently for her next words to reach him.

"A young man called for her, and they left in his car," continued the woman. "They said they were going somewhere to dance, I believe. You are Mr. Kingdon, aren't you? Jean left this note for you."

Mechanically Eddie took the note. He felt sick, cold, and giddy all at the same time. He stared at the woman. He tried to form words but could not utter a sound.

"Don't you feel well?" asked the woman.

Eddie stumbled down the steps and into his car.

"Drunk!" mumbled the woman, and slammed the door.

Gone was the magic of night for Eddie. The roly-poly man was gone away, and the bits of gold were fallen from the fair lady's

gown. Eddie felt a dull throb at the base of his brain. He could not think clearly. Everything was jumbled together in his mind. Jean—strange young man—gone in his car—dancing somewhere—dancing, Jean and some strange young man.

The little ship had always run smoothly for Eddie. This was a new and heart-breaking experience for him. What you or I would have done under similar circumstances makes no difference. What Eddie did was to drive like mad for the Club.

The cool of the evening as he cut through it somewhat calmed his overwrought nerves, and a strange bitterness assailed him. Jean was not the wonder-girl he had pictured. She was just another like the rest of her sex—couldn't trust her a minute. Her smile was a mask for her treachery, behind which she had trifled with him when it pleased her to do so. With the crash of this ideal all his other ideals came tumbling down, the support having crumbled to dust.

The dance was well under way as Eddie arrived at the Club. One of his friends met him as he entered. His appearance quickly drew several others. He looked like a man who has just seen some gruesome and terrifying spectacle. His face was white and drawn, his eyes staring straight ahead.

"Why what's the matter, Eddie?" one of them inquired.

A forced laugh from Eddie was all the answer he received.

"We'd better take him downstairs and pour a drink into him," someone said in an undertone.

"I doubt if he'll take it, but we can try," muttered another.

Several of them gathered around Eddie and whisked him down into the basement.

"Here, Eddie—take a shot of this. It'll do you good," said one of them offering him a flask.

Eddie took the flask and drank deeply. He choked over the contents for a minute, but it brought the color back into his cheeks and the glassy stare left his eyes.

"Gimme that again," he muttered, and taking the flask, he drained the contents.

"He'll be as boiled as an owl in a minute. I doubt if he ever drank before," someone whispered.

"He needs it, though," said another. "Looked like a dead man when he came in."

"Wonder what the trouble is," someone ventured. "Must have been something pretty serious to make him look like he did."

Eddie overheard this last remark.

"No trouble at all, gentlemen. Just another case of a fool being disillusioned. But it won't make any difference a hundred years from now, will it?"

He felt in his heart that it would!

He started out but stopped, as an afterthought came to him.

"I'm very grateful to you gentlemen for helping me to forget a most trying incident."

He staggered a bit as he went out.

"Must forget all about her," he muttered, climbing back into the roadster. "Gotta forget—but God! It hurts a lot. Jean! How can you treat me like this? Jean—Jean," he sobbed.

Suddenly he straightened up.

"I can't let myself go to pieces like this."

Obedient to his touch upon the accelerator, the car shot forward out of the drive and down the road.

Eddie had no particular destination in mind. To ride—and to forget. But forget he could not. Picture after picture flashed through his mind. Pictures of Jean—when she had insisted that he play her games rather than play marbles with the other boys—pictures of her as they exchanged the contents of their hearts with each other. Something inside him softened a bit. For a moment he forgot the misery that was rack-ing his brain. Then a picture of Jean with a strange young man—a picture of Jean dancing with a strange young man, his arms about her, his eyes gazing into hers—and she smiling and gazing back into his. How vividly Eddie pictured that smile—and her eyes, as she gazed into the eyes of this strange young man.

It may have been caused by the liquor he had drank. It may have been that he saw Jean's eyes so plainly that he forgot all else.



It may have been that he didn't care. Whatever the cause, the car slipped off the road, and before he could turn it back on again it crashed into a telephone pole. Eddie was thrown straight and true over the hood of his car for a five yard gain, or loss, as you care to call it.

Slowly he sat up, and as he did so someone seemed to poke a red hot iron into his right shoulder. He had broken that collar-bone once before, but the misfortune to him had meant six points for Yale. This time, he thought, no one benefited by his injuries. With considerable effort, due to the shaking up he had received plus the aforementioned liquor he rose to a standing position. He espied a lighted building a short distance down the street, and made his way there. Opening the door, he saw a smoke-filled room. Here and there in the haze he thought he made out faces. He wasn't sure; his head was awfully dizzy. Staggered across the room, and stumbling over a chair, he picked it up and sank into it. Then Eddie did something he had never done before. He passed out cold. . . .

Eddie slowly opened his eyes. His surroundings seemed strangely unfamiliar. The sun was having the devil's own time trying to shine through the nauseating smoke in this dirty little bar-room. He tried to rise, but sank back into the chair, a pain shooting through his right shoulder.

Slowly the events of the night before began unwinding themselves in his mind; the dance at the Club to which he and Jean were to go—his calling at her dressmaker's and finding that she had left with some other man. Bitterness assailed him once more.

But wait! Hadn't the woman said nothing about a note? He started to search through his pockets and pulled out the note, stretched it out on the table in front of him, and began reading frantically:

EDDIE DEAR—

I won't be able to go to the dance after all, I fear. I've got the meanest old headache, and it seems to be steadily getting worse. I feel the best thing for me to do is to go right home to bed.

Am leaving this in care of my dressmaker, Jean Reed. In case she goes out before you get here her housekeeper will give it to you.

Awfully sorry not to be able to wait for you, but honestly I feel terrible,

JEAN.

As the facts dawned upon Eddie, the sun seemed finally to have been successful in dispelling the haze of the room. He no longer felt the red hot iron in his shoulder. His heart rejoiced within him.

Eddie Kingdon sat at a little corner table in the little Black Horse Cafe and smiled a little.

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### *The Better Praise*

For if you sing my deeds as man  
That rode the storms of anguish o'er  
And strode like doom amidst my men  
Amid the lust of battle roar.

Sing a bit, of love I've known  
Like sunrise on a summer sea,  
And fling the praise of her I love  
Into a far eternity.

And if you roar my mortal fame  
As warrior deeming not of odds,  
Remember I was greater when  
I loved a little like the gods.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28.

## *Dummies and Bridge*

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, '27

I can think of but few more enjoyable ways of spending an evening than by playing a sociable game of bridge. If all the players are true devotees of the game, a long wintry evening speeds by with unbelievable rapidity. But I have often seen many such evenings rendered miserable by the thoughtlessness or the ignorance of one of the players who would repeatedly violate most of the rules of the game.

In Bridge may be found two types of "dummies". One is a regular feature of the game while the other is an unconscious destroyer of peace and friendship. As you have undoubtedly noted many times, this latter type is by no means restricted to Bridge alone. He may be found in any public or private gathering, in the most select of circles, creating disquietude and dissension wherever he goes. When he forces himself into a game in which I have the ill-fortune to be playing, I merely grit my teeth and pray for enough self-control to allow me to finish the game.

It is a very simple matter to discern him from the other three players. If he is dealing he invariably forgets to allow the cards to be cut, and then as if that were not enough, he endeavors to expose several of the cards. After he has dealt, very rarely have all the players the correct number of cards. He is always in ecstasies or in the depths of despair while he picks up his cards one by one as they are being dealt to him.

He feels that it would be unfair to his partner if he neglected to say: "I've got a swell hand, all but one suit. But I shouldn't talk across the board, should I?" He usually over-values his hand and refuses to be outbid. If by chance he fails to secure the bid, he always doubles. My sole ambition is to be one of his opponents when he makes this "break," but the fates seem to have decreed otherwise; for when there is a

dummy of this type in the game I usually draw him for a partner. But I am probably receiving some of my Hell on earth. That is some consolation, however small it may be.

If he is functioning in the place originally intended for him—the position of "dummy" he still continues to make asinine mistakes. He never waits for his partner to play a card from his exposed hand but does this himself. If he thinks it about time for trumps to be led he uses excessive subterfuge by saying: "If I were you, I would lead trumps". If his partner ignores this sage advice, this idiot slyly points his finger to the suit which he thinks his partner should lead, or takes occasion to straighten that suit if a single card of it be ever so little out of line.

Another of his fiendish delights is to walk around the table looking in everyone's hand and expressing his opinion as to the probable winner. After the game has been finished and his partner has been successful in making the bid, this detestable creature congratulates himself on his wonderful helping hand and then, to add the last straw, tells his partner how an extra trick could have been taken. He is loud in the ridicule of his opponents, telling them what poor players they are and urging them to come around again when they learn how to play the game.

At this point in his folly my patience has been strained to its capacity and I can see but two courses open: one is to leave the game after making idiotic excuses concerning the lateness of the hour and unfinished work; the other is to relieve the world of a terrible burden to humanity. So far I have adopted the former method, but I have a premonition that there will come a day when I shall have to unleash my temper. When that fatal day arrives I sincerely hope there are no women or children in the vicinity to shriek or faint at the sight of the gore.

## Blackie

WALTER A. SHELLEY, '29

### I.

THE day was misty and damp, and low scudding clouds spread over the Belmont Race Track. It was a bit chilly too, but the thousands in the stands forgot to shiver. They were gazing, some glaring, at a field of six two-year-old thoroughbreds tearing down the home stretch, in a huge cloud of dust.

For many of those thousands in the stand it meant only a race won or lost, but to the huge, ulster-clad man, leaning out of the lower corner of the grandstand, it meant his honor, his fortune—almost his home. If it were not for the glasses that covered his eyes, one would see that they were blue, the right kind of blue for a man whose name was Michael Nolan. As the horses drew nearer, he could be heard to groan audibly, because his only bet, the pride of his stables, King Richard, was fifth. And worst of all the filly, Miss America, had shown him a clean pair of heels.

Michael, despondent and disheartened, trudged wearily homeward to hear the numerous alibis of the jockey, and Pat Murphy, the trainer. However, he did not wait for the men to start talking, but, producing a fresh cigar, he inquired, "Too much weight?"

Jimmy, the unnoticed stable boy, grabbed this for an excuse, "At's whut it wuz, Mist' Michael. Yassuh, hundred an twenty-five pounds wuz more'n he cud' tote a mile in dat mud."

But Murphy, shaking his head, replied in the negative, "Afraid he's a quitter," and turned away saying, "In the mud anyway."

Certainly there was no cause for the colt's yellow streak. King Richard's ancestry had been of the best. His father was Richard the Great, first in the International Cup Race, and his mother was an extremely dainty young lady from New England.

Like many other young men, who never reach success, unattained ambitions revived, Michael Nolan was a bit singular. He wanted to win the Kentucky Derby. Ever since

Michael was a young boy he had loved animals, and as soon as he had obtained sufficient funds he had opened up a stable. It was therefore a very, very sore disappointment to him when King Richard lost the Open Meet at Belmont.

"No, sah, Boss. No. sah," Jimmy was saying. "Dat hoss ain't yellow, cuz ef't wuz me, I'd not worry none. Dat dere baby doan lak' Belmont, dat's all."

Michael turned away with a sigh saying, "A king he is and a king he'll be. He'll run no more until next spring. A king," he chuckled to himself, "can do no wrong".

### II.

Outside the stable a caller waited for Michael. A dirty, ragged clad youth, whose hair was uncut. A derisive grin fought bravely for prominence against a tobacco stained mouth, and his clear blue eyes seemed to say, "Oh! won't you please give me a job?" Everything about him smelt of horses, and as Michael appeared, the waiter demanded a job.

"Anything," he added. "Workout boy, swipe, hostler, and most anything you will give me to do. Name's Blackie Myers."

Michael thought for a moment of his boyhood days, and then hastily scribbled a few words on a piece of paper.

"Here—take this to Murphy, the trainer."

Churchill Downs—the very word signifies its importance, and it was important, as it was the winter training quarters for Michael Nolan's string of thoroughbreds.

Murphy had not sent the string out for its morning exercise, but they were almost ready to go, when Michael hustled up. Murphy's hearty yell of "Saddle up," brought cries from half a dozen youths who ran for the stock room.

"Who rides Pinky?" a voice demanded. "Blackie," another voice replied.

"Pinky? Blackie?" Michael repeated.

"Oh, Blackie's the boy you hired last fall in Belmont," reminded Murphy. "And Pinky, that's just Blackie's nickname for

King Richard." "Blackie," he continued, "is continually getting drunk, even though he is my best boy. Last night I found him asleep under the colt."

"Did he get hurt?" asked Michael.

"Not a bit. And that's funny too, because I think he has some sort of a hoodoo on the hoss. He won't run for anyone else. Makes him do anything, an' that's more'n I can say for myself."

"Quarter in twenty-two and two-fifths," said Michael in a strained voice, "and two lengths ahead of the filly."

"Does it regularly," announced the trainer.

For the first time Michael noticed the crouching figure atop the colt. Its curly locks and vest flopping in the wind. It was Blackie, and he was giving the colt a faultless workout.

As Blackie brought King Richard in, Murphy scowled at the dirty, mud begrimed face. "You can take the colt in, and do it snappily, before he takes cold."

But Michael did not overlook the hurt expression on the boy's face. Neither did he overlook the manner in which the trainer had spoken to the youngster, and he stored this in his memory for future reference.

### III.

One evening, as the sun was setting, Michael walked around to see how King Richard was getting along, when, just as he was nearing the door, he happened to glance in the stall window. What he saw brought a lump to his throat.

King Richard was standing still before an impish looking figure on a soap box. Blackie's cap was gone and the almost vanishing rays of sunlight played in his curly hair, through cracks in the west wall. He dug his hand into a brown sack and pulled out three pieces of sugar, which he fed, one by one, to the waiting colt.

"You old goat," said the boy. "Just because you showed some speed to-day, you thought you'd get more'n three lumps, eh? Well, I don't guess you deserve more'n three tunes tonight."

As the floating strains of the mouth organ were issued by the little figure, King

Richard moved closer until he had rested his head on the playing boy's shoulder.

"The little rascal," whispered Michael, "the blame little cuss."

He stole away as quietly as he had come, leaving the contented pair undisturbed.

All went well around the stables for a while, until one week later during the absence of Nolan, Blackie went on one of his big feature drunks, notwithstanding setting the stables on fire. This gave Murphy just the excuse that he was looking for, and he immediately proceeded to fire Blackie.

Three weeks had passed since the trainer had fired Blackie. King Richard had thrown everyone off who had tried to ride him, and things were in a general confusion.

Michael was in despair, as the great race of his dreams was only six days off and no one to ride King Richard.

"Blackie ain't half bad, Mis't Michael." Nolan turned around and there stood the stable boy, Jimmy, looking as sheepish as ever.

"He c'n mak' him laf'. Brung the boy back, Mist' Michael. You'n Mist' Pat c'n fin' him. Brung him back, an' let 'im ride Pinky in the Derby."

Michael began to think hard, as the darky had offered a simple remedy, and besides Blackie's escapade had not been so serious after all.

"An' anyway," continued Jimmy, "I'se know's whar Blackie's at, cuz' I done got a letter frum 'im in Colum—"

"Letter! Blackie! Columbia!" shouted Michael. "Did you say a letter from Blackie?"

"Didn't Mist' Pat done tole you 'bout dat letter?" replied Jimmy.

"H'm," Michael grumbled, then jumping to his feet he yelled for Murphy, "Oh Pat! Put everything on the train. I'm headed for Columbia tonight."

### IV.

Jimmy was returning from the grain house, laden with a bucket of grain in each hand, when all at once up flew the buckets, scattering the contents everywhere.

"C'mere! Hot ziggedy!" he whooped. "C'mere everybody! C'mere Mist' Pat!

Wake up Pinky! Cuz' Blackie boy's done came home!"

But not the same Blackie as the one whom had been fired from the stables. His hair was neatly cut and combed, and a new suit adorned his plump little figure. But under it all, still flapping as usual, was his old vest. When Blackie saw Pinky, a sob issued from his throat—

"Oh Pinky! Pinky c'mere to Blackie boy." He began to croon an old lullaby, while Pinky slowly came up and rested his head on the boy's shoulders in peaceful contentment.

#### V.

The day dawned bright and clear, with just the right amount of frost on the ground to make the turf good and firm, for the Kentucky Derby Race that afternoon.

The stands were packed to their capacity, just as they were on that memorable day, and once again a man in a big ulster sat gripping the railing in the lower right hand box of the grandstand. This time everything that he possessed was staken on Blackie and King Richard.

"THEY'RE OFF!" rolled the warning along the stands. Down the track they plunged in a huge cloud of slowly receding dust. Something was swinging to the fore, and close to the rail. It was Silver Flash, the colt from the west. Closer! Closer! Closer! they came, and Michael, his face tense and earnest, saw that King Richard was next to Lead All, who was holding a close second. His gaze swept from his horse

to the crouching figure astride him, his colors flashing in the sun, and his vest flopping about, but nevertheless he as making King Richard run for his life.

Around the field they swept, and as Michael threw up his glasses he saw that Silver Flash and King Richard were leading the field. Michael stood up in his box, with an unfinished prayer on his lips.

A hundred yards, the thundering pair came on headed for the finish posts. And Blackie Myers, a prayer forced through his set teeth, crawled farther up on Pinky's neck. "Pinky!" he shrilled. "Pinky." That was the best he could do—but it was enough to arouse Pinky—to make him run his heart out—to make him kill himself for the boy he loved.

King Richard was nosing ahead—one more spurt and they shot passed the judges' stand, with Silver Flash just a length behind King Richard.

Michael slumped down in his seat and burst into tears, unmindful of the noisy eddy about him.

Already happy, Blackie Myers was leading Pinky back to the judge's stand to receive his laurels.

Somewhere in the distance a band was playing "My Old Kentucky Home," and there was Jimmy, the stable boy, strutting up and down before a group of youths of his own color, exclaiming joyfully, "Look me ovar! Look me ovar! I'se de stable boy fo' King Richard, who am done gone an' won dat' Derby."

### Lake Erie

A blue and white enameled sky—  
A distant isle of purple gray—  
Defiantly green waves surge by,  
And toss their curling plumes of spray.

Oh, this is not a somber sea,  
Though but one island looms to view:  
To rouse this marching majesty,  
A gallant, restless, spirit blew.

—R. G. HENNES, '27.

# SPORT NEWS

## Wisconsin Beats Irish

A screaming liner to deep center with two men on base gave Wisconsin three runs in the lucky seventh inning and enabled the Badger nine to defeat Notre Dame, 5 to 3, at Madison last Saturday.

After the two clubs had played on even terms for the larger part of the game, Burbridge, Wisconsin sun fielder, came to bat in the last of the seventh and proceeded to pole out his long drive which was good for four sacks. Jacobson, who had walked, and Tangen, who had reached first on Quinn's wobble, scored ahead of Burbridge and gave the Mendota team a three run margin which the Irish could not overcome in their remaining two times at bat.

The first part of the game had been a well-contested hurler's duel between Ed. Walsh, of Notre Dame, and Jacobson, the Badger ace. Each flinger was generous in dishing out hits but ability to tighten up in the pinches held the score to two all.

The Irish scored in the second and fifth innings. O'Boyle tripled to left field in the second and scored when Moore pushed a ground ball through the Wisconsin infield. Tom Farrell's home run into the center field stands was responsible for a run in the fifth.

Ellerman, Badger keystone sacker, scored the first Wisconsin tally when he connected with one of Walsh's fast shoots for the complete circuit. In the fifth Tangen tripled and brought the tying run across the plate when Pearson hit him while trying to catch him at the plate.

Besten went to the mound in the eighth, after Walsh had been driven away by the three run rally of the Badger crew. The veteran Corby turretmán pitched good ball for the remaining two innings and his trick of fanning out three batters with the bases

full in the eighth was especially noteworthy.

Although the Wisconsin nine got only half as many hits as the Irish, they drove them out at opportune times and made runs off a massed attack. Jacobson, Wisconsin pitcher, kept the thirteen Notre Dame hits well strung out over the nine inning course.

Dan Moore was the hitting star of the day. He was sent to shortstop in McCleary's place, where he played an alert defensive game. His four blows in five trips to the plate featured his day's work, however. The lineup and summary:

### NOTRE DAME

	B	R	H	C
Parsien, lf	5	0	1	1
Pearson, 3b	5	1	2	0
Farrell, cf	5	1	2	0
Smith, c	5	0	1	7
O'Boyle, rf	3	1	1	1
Sullivan, 2b	2	1	1	5
Moore, ss	4	0	3	6
Quinn, 1b	3	0	0	6
Walsh, p	2	0	1	1
Besten, p	1	0	0	0
Crowley, rf	1	0	0	0
Silver, c	1	0	1	3
Totals	38	3	13	30

### WISCONSIN

	B	R	H	C
Tangen, 3b	5	2	2	6
Donigan, lf	4	0	0	3
Burbridge, rf	5	1	1	1
Barnum, c	3	0	1	4
Ellerman, 2b	4	1	1	7
Larson, cf	3	0	0	2
Murphy, 1b	4	0	1	0
Weilered, ss	4	0	1	4
Jacobson, p	2	1	0	5
Totals	35	5	7	42

### Score by innings:

Notre Dame	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—3
Wisconsin	0	0	0	1	1	0	3	0	x—5

## HAWKEYES TAKE HONORS IN DUAL

Early training in leaping fences and corn stalks proved a valuable asset to the hurdlers of the University of Iowa track team as they scored slams in the high and low hurdles, in a dual track meet with Notre Dame here last Saturday. The eighteen points gained through the hurdles cinched the meet for the Hawkeyes, the final score being Iowa 76½, Notre Dame 49½.

"Bab" Cuhel had things his own way in the hurdles and captured both firsts; Beatty and Phelps divided honors in seconds and thirds. A specially designed shoe by Charlie Brookins, holder of the world's 220 hurdle record and now Freshman coach at Iowa, was worn for the first time in this meet. Brookins can look forward to an order from the Notre Dame athletic department.

The outstanding feature of the meet was Jimmy Stack's record-smashing quarter mile run. Stack drew the pole and held the lead all the way, though pressed a little at the finish by Swenson. The plucky Irish runner clipped a fifth of a second from the track record set by Shock of Illinois a week previous. The old record was 49 2-5 seconds. It looked for a while as if Stack, Coughlin and McDonald would score a slam, but Swenson's brilliant spurt on the home stretch enabled Iowa to score three points.

Captain Harrington and Boyles of Iowa battled for honors in the pole vault. Both men cleared twelve feet six inches and the bar was raised to thirteen feet. Harrington cleared this height, but an inch and a quarter was deducted because of the sagging bar. Three attempts by the Notre Dame leader at thirteen feet six inches failed. Harrington's record set in the triangle meet the week previous will probably stand for some time. The Iowa meet marks Harrington's last appearance on Cartier field wearing the Gold and Blue.

Joe Della Maria of Notre Dame and Roberts, Iowa's dusky dash man divided honors in the 220 and 100 yard events, Della Maria capturing the former. In the century Roberts was pressed hard but managed to nose out a victory. The Notre Dame runner got off to a good start in the 220 and

held his lead all the way. Everingham of Iowa captured third in each of the above mentioned events.

Judge and Young scored first and second in the mile run for Notre Dame. The absence of George Dolmage, due to sickness, prevented a possible first place in the two-mile, though "Scrap" Young gave Hunn a good race until the final two laps. Hunn ran the distance in nine minutes and fifty-two seconds, sprinting the last two laps.

In the weight events, Leon Moes captured the javelin event with a throw of 176 feet. Joe Boland finished second in the shot put, Capt. Dauber of Iowa taking the event with a throw of 46 feet 5½, just two inches short of the field record. Norton of Notre Dame captured third in the discus for the local team's only points in that event.

Bob Carey divided honors with Mann of Iowa for second place in the high jump. Hammill, Notre Dame, and Mullen of Iowa, split the one point given for third place in the pole vault. Charley Riley narrowly missed a first place in the broad jump, when Everingham of Iowa nosed him out by two inches with a leap of 22 feet 11 inches.

## SUMMARY

100-yard dash: Won by Roberts, Iowa; Della Maria, Notre Dame, second; Everingham, Iowa, third. Time, 10 seconds.

One mile run: Won by Judge, Notre Dame; Young, Notre Dame, second; Elliott, Iowa, third. Time, 4:27 1-2.

220-yard dash: Won by Della Maria, Notre Dame; Roberts, Iowa, second; Everingham, Iowa, third. Time, 22 seconds.

120-yard high hurdles: Won by Cuhel, Iowa; Phelps, Iowa, second; Beatty, Iowa, third. Time, 15:4 seconds.

440-yard run: Won by Stack, Notre Dame; Swenson, Iowa, second; Coughlin, Notre Dame, third. Time, 49 2-10 seconds. New track record.

Two mile run: Won by Hunn, Iowa; Young, Notre Dame, second; Speers, Iowa, third. Time, 52 4-5 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles: Won by Cuhel, Iowa; Beatty, Iowa, second; Phelps, Iowa, third. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.

880-yard run: Won by Swenson, Iowa; Master-son, Notre Dame, second; Judge, Notre Dame, third. Time, 1:59 6-10 seconds.

Shot put: Won by Dauber, Iowa; Boland, Notre Dame, second; Nelson, Iowa, third. Distance, 46 feet 5 1-2 inches.

Pole vault: Won by Harrington, Notre Dame;



Boyles, Iowa, second; Hamilton, Notre Dame, and Mullen, Iowa, tied for third. Height 12 ft. 10 1-2 inches.

High jump: Won by Swenson, Iowa; Carey, Notre Dame and Mann, Iowa, tied for second. Height, 6 ft. 1 in.

Discus throw: Won by Mau, Iowa; Nelson, Iowa, second; Norton, Notre Dame, third. Distance 139 ft. 4½ inches.

Broad jump: Won by Everingham, Iowa; Riley, Notre Dame, second; Rankin, Iowa, third. Distance, 22 ft. 11 inches.

Javelin throw: Won by Moes, Notre Dame; Rice, Iowa, second; Repetti, Notre Dame, third.

#### FROSH DOWNED BY CULVER

Unusual strength in the running events enabled the track stars of Culver Military Academy to defeat the Notre Dame Freshmen in a dual meet on the Culver track last Saturday, 66 to 56.

The young generals were able to gain a majority of points in most of the track events and although the Irish yearlings showed to advantage in the weight and jump events, the margin which they sought to overcome was too far from their reach.

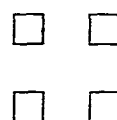
Built around four men, the Culver team, which last year won the national prep school championship at the Stagg Interscholastics, managed to place in every event and to always keep a considerable margin between themselves and the Notre Dame squad.

Off to a commanding lead through a slam in the mile run and two counts in the high hurdles, the military lads gradually piled their total and at the end of the track events had enough of a margin to lose places safely in the field trials.

With only one event, the half mile relay, to be run, the score stood 61 to 56, and a victory for the Notre Dame baton-passers would have tied the score, but the Culver four turned a smooth race and won handily.

Dick Rockaway, Culver captain, and Knourek, sprinter, were the stars of the victorious team. Rockaway, who is national prep school hurdles champion, ran to a new Culver record in the low barriers when he clipped the sticks in 25.7. He won the high hurdles and placed in the discus and broad jump. Knourek took first place in the century dash, the 220 yard dash and the broad

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jump. His mark of 22 feet six inches in the broad jump was one of the features of the meet.

Rourke and Viada were point stars for the Freshmen. Viada amassed eleven markers when he won the shot put and placed second in the javelin and discus throws. Rourke took second in the 100 and 220 yard dashes and the broad jump.

The Irish yearlings go to Kalamazoo, Mich., next Friday, where they will meet the strong varsity squad representing Western State Normal. This team defeated the 1929 runners 52 to 33 in an indoor meet.

#### GOLFERS WIN LOYOLA MATCH

Notre Dame golfers scored an overwhelming victory over the Loyola mashie wielders last Saturday when they walked away from the Chicagoans. Morrissey, of the losers, prevented the Irish from taking every point by halving the last nine holes of his match with Jack Shouse in the morning. In the afternoon Loyola was not able to score a point.

The best individual playing of the day was done by Norman Seidensticker, who substituted for Charlie Totten in the afternoon. Seidensticker came close to par, which for the Erskine course on which the match was played is 70, by shooting 72. Only a missed putt and a penalty prevented him from making par.

The Irish golfers showed a form that comes only after consistent practice and efficient coaching. Roy Robertson, who is the mentor, deserves a great deal of praise for the way in which he has handled the aggregation. Their playing last Saturday compared favorably with that of the best collegiate combinations in the country without exception.

To-morrow they will meet the gutta percha representatives of Indiana, again on the Erskine links. Hopes are high that they will be able to avenge the defeat which the Hoosiers handed them last year. In the two matches between the schools each has won one. Tomorrow's contest will be a rubber. If the Irish can display the same brand of

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golf which they showed the Loyola troupe the victory will be theirs.

Scores:

### SINGLES

#### Notre Dame (11)

Jack Adams	1	1	1—3
Jack Shouse	1	0	1—2
Charlie Totten	1	1	1—3
Ward Hillerich	1	1	1—3

#### Loyola (0)

Potanane	0	0	0—0
Morrissey	0	0	0—0
Maloney	0	0	0—0
Renier (Capt.)	0	0	0—0

### BEST BALL MATCHES

#### Notre Dame (12)

Adams and Bulger	2	2	2—6
Shouse and Seidensticker	2	2	2—6

#### Loyola (0)

Renier and Potanane	0	0	0—0
Morrissey and Maloney	0	0	0—0

Medal scores: Seidensticker, 72; Adams, 78, 74-152; Shouse, 78, 75-153; Bulger, 77; Morrissey, 80, 79-159; Totten, 81; Hillerich, 82.

One of the members of the party of foreign editors who visited the University last week was Mr. Diaz, '09, of San Juan.

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## MAKES HOLE-IN-ONE

Jack Adams, Walsh Hall, is surveying the world with the imperious eye of highest accomplishment. He made a hole in one while playing the Erskine course Sunday—and more than this, it is the longest hole-in-one in the records of golf. The gods of Scotland smiled upon Jack on the fourteenth hole, 232 yards, and his tee-off, played with a brassie, rolled leisurely up and into the waiting cup. This is the first eagle that has ever been made on the Erskine course.

A hole in one should be sufficient for one day, but not for Adams. He was out in 39 and in in 33—a 72—tying the course record. Par is 70. His eagle is flanked on the

right and left by birdies. This is the story of Adams' second nine holes: a birdie, a bogie, a par, a birdie, an eagle, a birdie, a par, a bogie, and a par. The second nine holes Adams made in three under par.

With Adams when he made his eagle were Roy Robertson, pro on the Erskine course and coach of the Notre Dame golfers; Ty Bulger, captain of the Irish royal-and-ancients, and Ted Brown, of Florida.

While playing in the Notre Dame-Loyola match Saturday, Norb Seidensticker, Walsh Hall, also tied the course record with a 72.

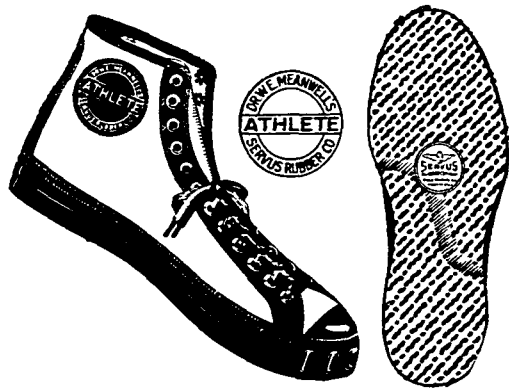
## TENNIS TEAM LOSES

Captain Donovan starred as the Notre Dame tennis team went down before Michigan State's racquet men, 4-3, at East Lansing last Friday.

The game scheduled with Pitt for Tuesday was called off because of a misunderstanding as to the date of the tussle. The visitors were on hand for the game while the Irish netters were away from the University.

## TWO GAMES

George Keogan's mitt-polishers aren't loafing. Far from it. An argument with the Illinois spherical debaters today and with the Iowa club-controversialists tomorrow cannot by the widest stretch of the imagination be termed loafing. Keogan evidently doesn't believe in making muff-divers or upholstery addicts of his brawny diamond-dusters, and in scheduling two of the roughest, rudest Big Ten teams to be assailed on consecutive days, he is living up to his belief. Today Illinois at Urbana and tomorrow Iowa here for the edification of the Senior Ball guests—that's the way it looks on paper.



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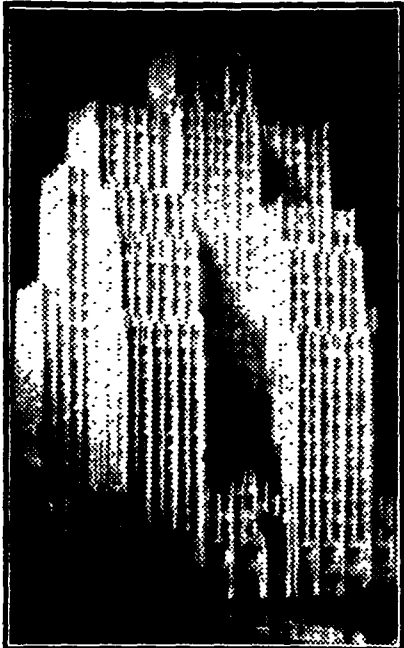
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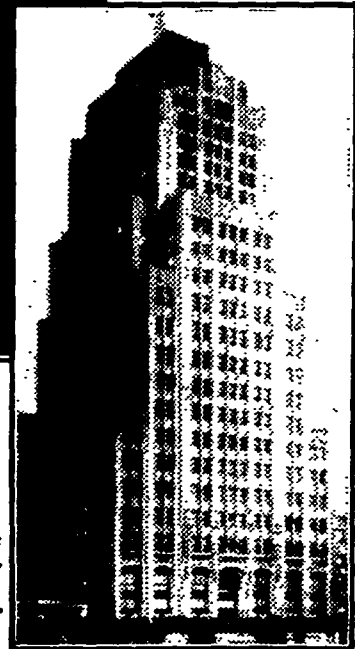
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FOR many years, thinkers who watch mechanical progress with a friendly eye have asserted that the goal of machinery is to set mankind free from routine tasks, to give him time and opportunity for those tasks of the mind for which evolution has particularly fitted him.

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## THE SAFETY VALVE

DEAR E. S. B.: Well, these are hectic days, as they say. For did we not have tee and golf with Northwestern last week, and have we not the great senior marathon dance beginning this p. m. to continue as long as the hall rent is paid?

However, we must first give you some inside stuff, as they say, on the visit last week of the Crumstown Economic Club, and then on the visit of the South American journalists which followed hard upon. The former were the house guests of the Economic Department and spent a very enjoyable afternoon hearing the big bell, visiting the Art Gallery and the Mission House. Afterwards they noted the new addition to the lake, and got first-hand facts on how to run the Day Dogs from Headmaster of the same. They also saw Washington hall, the scene of so many death-defying escapades and dare-devil escapes during the hold-up season. They visited Sorin hall where the Intellectuals live between week-ends; Mr. Pierce's box of tame snakes that are enrolled in the Boy Guidance Course; the Cercle Francais and the Dante Class; then they saw how the painters nearly burned the wood off the M. B. porch trying to get down to the roots of the paint. They asked to see the students of Freshman Hall but were told these were on exhibit only in the dining rooms. They expressed the wish to witness that gorgeous campus creation, Mr. James Harold Kelleghan's many-

colored sweater, but were informed it was not to be seen on Fridays. Finally, after reading advance notices of Mr. Phillips' new book and the lavish manner in which he is burning up five dollar bills, they asked to see all the theses written by the Senior class. They were told these will not be ready for shipment before June 14, when they will be disposed of in carload lots.

Then T. D. met three leading South American journalists under the fostering of a South Bend editor and he said in their language, "Como estan ustedes senores?" But one senior replied in our tongue, "Ah, how well you e-speak the e-Spanish! Where you learn?" "In the Notre Dame of the southwest many, many years ago. And where, may we ask, did you learn your beautiful Ingles?" "Ah, have I not read, and do I not read, 'Moosic and Theeatrical Notes' by the Meester Meyers. Such good beesness Ingles!"

And so, dear E. S. B., this staid weekly of ours, this Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC, carries thought and culture wherever men care to live in that manner. Where the palm sips the dew of a warmer clime, where the pine shakes from her shoulders the mantle of the snow, as they say. Add to this: where the Brooklyn Eagle screams about what is done—however little—by the Brooklyn boys who are here at A Lacu undergoing education; where oriental blasts are blistering the brow of the twilight, and where the icy breath of the north is nipping the nose of the dawn. Ah me!

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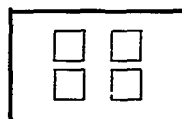
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